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The Road Agent a scene of rugged grandeur. The view is picturesque and awe-inspiring. A rough, uneven, rocky road winds in a semi-circle about the base of a mountain. Here, on the one side, a perpendicular wall of rock looms up to an amazing height; on the other are hills.

with here and there a few scattering clumps

of dogwood, while the shrubby cacti are grow-

ing in greater or lesser abundance. A rumbling sound breaks the quietude, and a moment later the lumbering overland stagecoach comes in sight. As the driver cracks the long lash of his whip, urging the horses to increased speed, the vehicle sways to and fro in a manner which must prove uncomfortable to its passengers. Now it gives a greater lurch as it swings sharply to the right, around a projection at the base of the huge mountain, and an unlooked-for thing

"Halt" The peremptory command has anjunmistak-able ring of determination, and the sight of half a dozen revolvers levelled in his direction causes the surprised driver to pull up his

horses to a sudden standstill.

Conscious that something unusual had happened the passengers within the vehicle exchange alarmed giances. There are two of them—both men—and they are an oddly assorted pair; one is a bronzed and bearded fellow, whose looks, speech, and general make-up indicate that he is a Westerner, the other a refined and dignified man, attired in the conventional black of a clergyman. He's young, and no doubt unused to his present surroundings and mode of travel.

Understanding the hasty glance his companion has shot him, a look of dismay and indignation flashes across the clergyman's horses to a sudden standstill.

Lay Sermons for Sunday Reading

three factors, something to sell, a seller, and a buyer. Commerce in thought is as simple. the thought, the thinker, and the desire for

The preacher knows his congregation, the politician knows his mental caliber and prevailing prejudices of the mass of men that make up the majority in his district, but the man who would put his best thoughts in the columns of a newspaper at this day, when the world is full of them, begging for readers. must do so much like the marketman who exposes his wares and goes his way; they may never attract the notice of a single may never attract the notice of a single buyer, but his hope always is that at least a few may find in his assortment what they are looking for, but the thinker soon dissovers that thought is necessary to his continued vitality, and further, that the arrangement of his thought is necessary to his personal equa-tion, to the definite solution of his problem of existence. So if any man writes seriously for publication, he may find himself more in-debted to an indulgent public than any one reader can be indebted to him.

debted to an indulgent public than any one reader can be indebted to him.

The reassembling of the Presbyterian magnates at Saratoga, the revival of the Briggs controversy of last year, inevitably leads to the question of this "thinking." It is not Briggs the offending brother, but the much more important matter as to whether thought is a Godgiven endowment and the great pioneering power in the higher evolution of man, or was the thinking principle confiscated when the church was organized? It would seem that the highest thoughts that come to man were the real "angels" visits," and that the recounting of these, the arrangement of these high thoughts into an ever-enlarging number of "sacred books," would be crowning work of such an assembly, rather than the united effort to keep all though safely harnessed to the charlot of creed, and the solemn farce of swearing to the inerrancy of a book that never was a book, but a collection of "writings" about God and religion. All the religion, all the light, all the faith, all the resign, all the light, all the faith, all the soul, the consciousness of man is sacred, and that which helps most to lead man from his lower or animal nature toward his higher and divine nature is also sacred. The gift of divine reason was before the gift of book. and divine nature is also sacred. The gift of divine reason was before the gift of book-making, and would survive the destruction of all the books, printing presses, type, and presses in the world.

presses in the world,

The fundamental declaration in this book they claim as "inerrant" is, that "God made man in His own image," and "male and female created He them." Now, whatever the "heathen," the "atheist," the "agnostic" may choose to think he believes or disbelieves, it is surely the duty and privilege of all creeds, based upon the Bible, to believe these two statements as "inerrant." Believing them involves certain necessary conclusions. First—There is this: that in man is the only authorized localization of the image of God, First—There is this: that in man is the only authorized localization of the image of God, and as we emerge from the idolatry of form into the concept of spiritual forces, which is the only thinkable condition of the omnipresence, we must conclude that this "image" lies hidden for the most part in the yet undeveloped consciousness of man. To make this idea more emphatic, later on in the same book is the direct command to "make to thyself no other likeness or image of anything." So it would seem that the duty of all such believers should be the effort to unveil this authorized "image," to clear away all the rub-

lievers should be the effort to unveil this authorized "image," to clear away all the rubbish of accumulation of man's opinions—of all thick veils of organized conclusions, and let in on this long-concealed image the clear sunlight of thought.

Secondly, If in this "making of man" it was found expedient to create them "male and female," it will be at once evident that these primal differentiations were "sacred," and that so long as there is claim to priority or immunity of responsibility, the one over the other, so long is there unbelief, conflict, and all the terrible consequences pronounced and all the terrible consequences pronounce upon infidelity.

For nearly two thousand years the name of Jesus, the Christ, has been the watchword for all the multi-colored professions of religion in what is called Christendom, or that portion in what is called Christendom or that portion of the globe that is supposed to be enlightened—that which is not still "heathendom"—and in all that time man has been satisfied to be engaged in controversial discussions about what was said about Jesus, and has not seemed to care for the little that is recorded of His direct teaching.

It would seem strange that so much of anxiety should center about the "miracle" of his birth, of the methods of his "coming," and so little attention paid to the message he came to bring! Is the message was not important, then why the message was not sage can be summed up very briefly—the

portant, then why the messenger? This message can be summed up very briefly—the kingdom of heaven is within you. Not "lo, here or lo there." Only another way of saying "God made man in His own image," and "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Unless you can see the image of God in the consciousness with which all men are endowed, then look nowhere for it, for you will not find!

It is evident to the most superficial reader of history that the evolution of human liberty of history that the evolution of human liberty has been by the way of revolution, overturning. If, then, one great hope filled the soul of the great Nazarene with peace under persecution, it was the hope of producing a revolution, of a new kingdom, that of "peace on earth and good will toward men." His Sermon on the Mount was the outlining of the constitution of that kingdom, the beginning of the end of the reign of force and personal authority of inherited or assumed superiority. For this was He and is He still despised and rejected of men. Christian civilization, so called, has sought to flourish on cross and book, without the adoption of any one article embodied in this constitution—the greatest and longest lived paradox the world has ever seen.

If it be the purpose of the Church to adhere rejected with scorn and contempt. Man is asking for bread, and will no longer accept

instant for bread, and will no longer accept the stone of ecclesiastical dictum.

If it be that present respectability lies in a careless conformity, then it sinks into a de-basing utilitarianism, into confusionism. We add one word to the time-worn truism: Hon-esty and conformity are the best policy.

The larliest books or "Scriptures" that go

face, and he makes a quick movement with his right hand in the direction of his hip pocket. With a significantly imperative ges-ture the other promptly checks the action. "Tain't no use, friend," he says hastily but decidedly. "It's Dangerfield, the gentle-man road agint, an' he's several too many fer us."

The words of caution have the desired ef-The words of cannon have the desired effect. The look of anger on the face of the clergyman immediately gives way to one of surprise. The man who has spoken notices the change and is unable to account for it. Whether the bandit's name is familiar to him, or whether the mention of the word "gentleman" gives him assurance, the plainsman is at a loss to know.

at a loss to know.

He is about to make a further remark, but the door of the coach is flung open with a bang, and an ugly-looking revolver is thrust through the aperature.

"Get down and out," orders the desperado who holds the warron in a volce starnly.

who holds the weapon in a voice sternly authoritative, yet with little, if any, trace of the western dialect discernible "Hurry along, parson. Be quick, and no harm will

come to you."

There is nothing to be gained by disobeying, and the ciergyman clambers out of the coach, following upon the heels of his fellow

coach, following upon the heels of his fellow passenger. As they reach the ground the muzzle of a revolver is thrust into the face of each, and Dangerfield's command of "hands up" is obeyed without a word.

Hastily relieving both passengers of their weapons, Dangerfield secured the minister's gold watch and chain, then proceeds to search his clothing, prosecuting the work with a thoroughness and dispatch which bespeaks his experiences in such matters. He is not long in discovering that several packages are securely sewn up within the lining of the clergyman's vest, and it is but the work of another moment to ascertain that they are packages of blank vest, and it is but the work of another moment to ascertain that they are packages of blank notes. How the eyes of the robbers sparkle through the holes in their masks as they be-

old the precious parcels!

Meanwhile the victim of these indgnities has been contemplating the work of the ban-dits without uttering a word. At no time has his countenance displayed the flush of siarm to make up our New Testament were the letters' written by Paul to the little scattered bands of believers that had gathered about him in his sojournings in various places. They were all written in Greek. The words of Him on whom Paul rested his faith had all been spoken many years previous in the tongue of the Galilean fishermen, the Syrio-Chaldsic. These words had been handed down from man to man, and the enlightened consciousness of this very real man, Paul, absorbed and assimilated them, and not only translated them into the fashionable language of his day, but tried to make their essence and meaning fit the conditions of his many little communities of believers. But when he came to Athens, the seat and center of metaphysical disquisition, he was, too, a metaphysician, and in their own tongue and in their own thought repeated the fundamental idea of the Hebrew genesis and the central idea of the teaching of Jesus,

God, who made the world, and all things that are in it, hath made of one all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth, determining appointed times and limits of their inhabitation, that they should seek God, fif haply they may feel after Him or find Him, although He is not far from any one of us; for in Him we live and we move and we are, as some also of your own poets said: "For we also are His offspring."

And yet after 1800 years of flood and conflict the assembled representatives of the

And yet after 1800 years of flood and conflict the assembled representatives of the various forms of religious belief assembled at the congress of religions in Chicago listened to this summing up of the religious status of the world:

"It is not rivers or seas, mountains or deserts, language or race that cause the deepest and widest separations between man and man, but religion. Differences of religion constitute the most marked dividing line between poople of the same language, same race, and tute the most marked dividing line between people of the same language, same race, and same country. But wherever people may meet, no matter what different language they may speak, to what different races they may belong, or of what tint of color their features may exhibit, as soon as they know they are one in religion a profoundedly felt bond of sympathy unites them as members of one great family, as children of one great supreme power."

This is true as a statement of the present condition of religion in its worldly aspect, but is it true in relation to the "profoundly felt is it true in relation to the "protoundly felt bond of sympathy," or has it ever been true since the first fishermen bands "held all things in common?" Do all, or any, of the rich few owners lie awake nights to find a way to help their indignant brethren to a comfortable self-respecting independence? Is this true of any church?

It is reported of Jesus that on one occasion He said: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe although one grove from the dead." The Church prophets, neither will they believe authough one arose from the dead." The Church teaches not only a miraculous birth, but the miracle of one rising from the dead. This is preached in all ianguages, sung in all forms, in churches of every variety of credal interpretation. Everywhere we see the symbol of the cross. But the message of this heavensent messenger, the dispatch, certainly should be worthy the mighty effort of the courier!
"As I have washed your feet, so wash ye one another's feet." "Let him who would be greatest among you be servant of all." This is "My body broken for you." "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill." Love is the fulfilling of the law. Jesus came to bring a great new thought to a world lost in formalism and dissension. That man served God only by serving his own kind, finding the image of God there. This thought is now disturbing the entire world because of its inverse conception.

For centuries men looked for the second coming of Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh. Without a conception of the coming of the Christ into the hearts of men will not that coming be signaled by the living index finger coming into the consciousness of men like this: Cease to look on my birth and death, but look on the thought I brought to the world. That thought you have forgotten in your vain hope to be saved by a miracle.

The great miracle is that of life and consciousness; that great receptacle of thought, In the contemplation of this all the assemblies, all the Briggs', are but the petty incidents of the clash and clamor of personal opinion.

Jesus of Nazareth died by the hand of ritualism. He was crucified at the demand of biblicist, the custodians, the interpreters of what they declared to be the written word of God. All that portion of the Bible Ezrahad collected and inscribed, that book which then declared, as it now declares, that in "man is the image of God," they were willing, nay, anxious, to destroy the image, because it failed to reflect their opinion of what a book declared God to have said face to face to one of his own images. If God is spirit, how could he communicate His will but through the receiving spirit that was in man? What is the invisible wire of communication save thought is the life and evidence of consciousness, that so far as thought is restricted so far thought is the life and evidence of conscious-ness, that so far as thought is restricted so far is consciousness dead and not alive.

You Will Smile at These.

"Galton had his lawn mower stolen last "Great Casar! What a lucky fellow he

The unsuccessful politician and the unsuccessful dentist are two of a kind. Neither of them have the right pull.—Philadelphia Record.

Record.

Wife—Come, let us go home; it is 11 o'clock, and you know you didn't come home till 1 this morning.

Husband—That's just it—you surely can't expect me to come home twice in one day.—Fliegende Blacter.

"Change for the better," said the cashier of the pool reom as he paid out the cash to the winner.—Texas Siftings.

Miss Paddington-Do you believe in love

Mr. Linton—Oh, no! It is impossible to be perfectly sure that a girl is rich.—Brooklyn Life.

Thinks He Ought to Visit Virginia. [From the Petersburg Index-Appeal.]
There is, THE WASHINGTON TIMES SAYS, a
three-term Congressman in the House of Reprethree-term Congressman in the House of Representatives who has never been in Virginia. Within his vision for six years have been the exquisite scenery of the hills across the Potomac, the old residence of Gen. Lee, the burial place of tens of thousands of federal and confederate soldiers; Summer and Winter have come, in a climate approaching perfection, and yet his hardened sinner has not cressed any of the bridges leading south, or visited Mount Vernon, or Fredericksburg, or even Alexandria. The Index-Appeal believes always in representatives who represent, and has no sort of patience with men who go to Congress for the benefit of some district or section remote from the place where their own and their people's interests are, but it draws the line of commendation on the Congressinan of three terms who has never been in Virginia. He cannot serve effectively the people who sent him to Washington.

and anger one would naturally expect to find depicted upon the face of one who is being relieved of a fortune. A frown mantles his fine features, but it amounts to little else than a look of contempt.

"The money is not my property," he says, addressing himself to the leader. "It was intrusted to me for delivery to its owner, whose whereabouts I have been seeking to

"I think you have found him," returns Dangerfield, sententiously, and the remark elicits a hearty laugh from the other highway-

men.

"In this instance might is right," the clergyman responds, looking fixedly into the robber's eyes. "Yet the heart-broken mother who entrusted to me the care of that money, bidding me to deliver it to her wayward boy would hardly be satisfied with the transac-Dangerfield starts slightly, but answers

earelessly—
"You have done what you could, so console yourself with that thought. As for the boy, no doubt he is a rich man by this time, and does not need the money. We make fortunes fast in the West."

"So I perceive," says the other, dryly.

Dangeffield turns away with an impatient movement. While this conversation has been going on the remaining passenger has been standing by, gazing upon the scene in open-menthed wonder. He is next searched, after which the baggage of both men is overhauled. Nothing, however, is taken except a large en-velope tied about with red tape which Danger-field finds in the dergyman's satched. Without stopping to examine its contents, he places it in the inner pocket of his coat.

Apparantly satisfied with the result of their work, the bandits toss the firearms belonging to their victims into the stage and the leader orders the pair to clamber in; then the driver is commanded to "let her go," and the cumbersome old vehicle goes rumbling down the rough road, followed by several harmless victor beds.

pistol shots.
"They got but little booty off uv me," ven-tures the Westerner, when the scene of the

Plants Best Adapted for Use in the Cemeteries.

HEALTHY BLOOMERS

Those Which Are Hardy Require but Very Little Attention While Growing-All Colors Are Suitable for Graveyards-A Limited Selection.

Plants for use in the cemetery ought to be free bloomers, good growers, able to get along above all, hardy, writes Eben E. Rexford in the Domestic Monthly. A tender plant is out of place there, no matter how beautiful it may be, because most persons cannot give it the otection it must have in order to endure our

ong and severe winters. These requirements necessarily limit us in are free bloomers, robust enough to get along with but little care, and perfectly hardy. Let me say, just here, that I am not one of those persons who consider no flower suitable for netery use unless it is white. All colors are appropriate there.

Among the shrubs the hydranges is perhaps best adapted for cemetery use, becau it is so extremely hardy, and because it is a very late bloomer. It is also very profuse in flowering. These qualities give it a place near the head of the list, if not quite at the near the head of the list, if not quite at the head. Success with it is reasonably certain if it be planted in a rich soil and grass be kept from choking it. It has a much more symmetrical habit of growth than most shrubs if left to take care of itself, and this is another point in its favor. If one has a large lot I would suggest planting several hydrangeas in a group. The effect of half a dozen plants placed so close together that they seem to be one great plant when developed is very fine. The result is much more satisfactory than when the same number of plants are scattered about the let. about the lot.

about the lot.

Deutrias, gracilis, and crenata are very desirable shrubs. They are not large growers, therefore care should be exercised in planting them. Never make the mistake of getting them in the background. Give them a place near the front of the lot, where their beauty can be fully displayed. These are much more effective if grouped than when planted singly.

can be fully displayed. These are much more effective if grouped than when planted singly.

The weigelias are medium-sized shrubs. They form a rounded, compact plant if cut back somewhat during the first year or two, and are more effective planted singly than most of our shrubs are. There are several fine varieties in rose and red, and one good white sort which can be used very effectively in combination with the red because of the contrast it affords. The old purple lilac is admirably adapted to cometery use on a lot where there is no tree and where a large shrub would be effective as a substitute. It is one of the most beautiful of all our shrubs, blooms early and profusely, and is entirely able to take care of itself. It can be made to take on a tree form if thought best by allowing but one stalk to grow, but I prefer to grow it as a shrub because that seems to be its natural form. The Persian lilac is a more graceful variety than the old sort because of its slenderer shape.

Its flowers are very beautiful, but hardly as sweet as those of the other. There is a white lilac that would be pretty were it not for the fact that its flowers are produced so far down among the terminal leaves of the branches that they are half hidden by them. It is not so free a bloomer as the other sorts named.

The Japan quince, or cydonia, is a very charming early bloomer. Its flowers are a rich, shining scarlet. It is a somewhat low grower, therefore should have a place in the foreground.

grower, therefore should have a place in the foreground.

One of the most desirable plants for cemetery use with which I am familiar with is, strange to say, but very little known. Why it is not more extensively grown I cannot say. It is perfectly hardy; it has pretty evergreen foliage, and beautiful pink flowers borns in clusters at the end of the branches. It blooms at intervals during the season. For front rows it is very desirable, being of low, spreading habit. Its name is daphne mozereum. I think it is somewhat difficult to propagate, and this probably accounts for its scarcity.

scarcity.

The best white rose for cometery planting is Mme. Plantier, a most profuse bloomer, entirely hardy. The rugosa varieties, with their rich, crinkled foliage, are very pretty, as the seed pods are as quite effective as flowers.

flowers.

Among hardy perennial or herbaceous plants the achillea is a general favorite because of its constant flowering habit. It is very hardy. The flowers are small, but borne in such clusters all over the plant that a brave show is made by them. They are pure white, and double.

The anemone is an old favorite, as it well deserves to be. It begins to bloom in September as a general thing, and continues to flower to cold weather sets in. Alba is pure white, with yellow center; rubra rosy purple.

Hower to cold weather sets in. Alba is pure white, with yellow center; rubra rosy purple. Both these varieties are single. A new variety has been recently introduced under the name of "whirlwind," that is quite double. It is evidently a chance seeding from A. alba, and it must prove a grand acquisition to the list of desirable plants for cemetery use.

The herbaceous spireas are among our most beautiful plants. Palmata bears great, plume-like spikes of most graceful, delicate flowers on stalks that lift them well above the foliage. This variety is bright rose. Alba is

plume-like spikes of most graceful, delicate flowers on stalks that lift them well above the foliage. This variety is bright rose. Alba is pure white. These are very effective when planted together.

The perennial phloxes are very desirable, because they are so self-reliant. They do enough better with good care to make it worth while to give it, but they can get along very well with next to no care, and on this account they should be widely planted by those who cannot give much attention to plants on the cemetery lot. They are wonderful bloomers, continuing until very late in the season, and we have no plant making a greater show of rich and delicate color. The rose and carmine varieties are finest, and there are several good white varieties that can be used with them.

There are two varieties of phlox sublata—commonly called moss pink—that are very

commonly called moss pink—that are very suitable for cemetery use, because of their low growth. They form a cushlon of foliage almost completely covered with flowers. One variety is pure white, the other rose-colored. Coreopsis lanceolata is a very pretty yellow flower. It is most effective when planted with

robbery has faded away in the distance, "but it 'pears to me they hit you mighty hard, eh?" "Well," replies the clergyman, with an air which does not exhibit much concern, "I do ot mourn my loss, under the circumstances. not mourn my loss, under the circumstances, as much as I regret some other matters."

He does not volunteer an explanation, and the first speaker is disinclined to question him, though greatly mystified by his inexplicable conduct. To all appearances the minister has become deeply interested in the beautiful landscape without, and with an almost inaudible "That gets me!" the other language five silience.

most inaudible June gots and lapses into silence.

Dangerfleid and his comrades are not long in mounting their horses and quitting the scene of their latest depredation. On and on they ride, now traveling at a brisk pace they ride, now travening at a orisk pace-through beautiful valleys hemmed in by mas-sive walls of rock, now making their way cautiously over dangerous mountain passes; on and on until the sun has sunk from sight, and its golden glory has faded from the

on and on until the sun has sunk from sight, and its golden glory has faded from the Western sky.

At last the party comes to a halt in the very heart of a wild and desolate region. A skilfully hidden aperature at the base of a cliff leads to a subterranean cavern, whither the men betake themselves, after dismounting and turning their horses loose in the valley below.

"Well, boys," says Dangerfield, who had been gloomy and silent throughout the journey, "let us have supper, for I am as hungry as a bear! Then we will attend to business."

In a remarkably short space of time a fire is lighted, and a few minutes later the evening meal is prepared. It is a meagre spread, but the hungry men eat heartily and with evident relish.

Let us look at them a moment as they sit about an improvised table in the shadowy light of the declining fire. Dangerfield is a young man, possessed of a clean-shaven, pleasing countenance, though one that bespeaks weakness of character, well built, and dressed in a suit of some black material, which has not seen much service. The others are not so neatly dressed. They are rough, bearded fellows, whose speech and manner sets them in decided contrast with their leader; it is easy to perceive that the latter is

flowers of other colors, yellow giving tone to the group that it can gain in no other way. A few yellow flowers have the effect on other colors that sunshine has, and no garden is complete without them. This plant is very hardy and blooms through the entire season. Some of the early Spring blooming bulbs should be pinnted on every cemetery lot; snowdrops and crocuses will open the season almost as soon as the snow vanishes, and the narcissus, hyacinth and tulp, will bridge over the interval between them and the early annuals. Lilles are charming plants for the cemetery, but one must confine his selection to the hardier sorts, likespectosum album and rubrum. What a magnificent plant Lillium anratum would be for this purpose if it could be depended on!

In locations where there is considerable coolness and moisture the Japanese iris succeeds admirably. Its range of colors is wonderful; one gets the idea that a rainbow has got tangled up among the plants. The lily of the valley succeeds under similar conditions. It is impossible to give advice that will be of much value in regard to the arrangement of plants on cemetery lots, because conditions differ so widely. In order to give intelligent advice one must know the size of the lot, its shape and general outline. About the only general advice that can be given is, avoid the mistake of overplanting; that is, planting so many shrubs or plants that the lot will have a cluttered up, crowded look, and concentrate your plants in groups, rather than scatter them all over.

Counsel for the Plaintiff.

The golden rays of an April sun sho through the ground glass panels on which was inscribed "J. Gervaise Litchfield, Esq. Private." That office, usually so quiet, was now turmoll and confusion. Gervaise Litchfield was alone, but the cold, reserved manner was gone and he excitedly paced up and

down the apartment.

"It was she, I am sure it was," he murmured. "But, oh, how she has changed! I wonder if he proved faithless. II I only knew—but pshaw! I am getting sentimental. She is not worthy a second thought."

The grimy hand of the office boy held a care. "Albert Dunsmore—certainly, show him un."

care. "Albert Dunsmore—certainly, show him up."
"Hello, Jack, old fellow!" said the new-comer. "I knew you would see me. Well! Well! but this is a change since we left college. They teil me you have a good practice and are making barrels of money."
"Dame Rumor oft hath an oily tongue."
"Well, Jack, I have a case for you. I want to retain you for a friend."
"What is the case?"
"Breach of promise."

"Ah! Are the parties prominent?"
"The plaintiff is a most beautiful woman and the defendant stands high in professions."

"That must remain a secret until you have beard the facts and rendered your decision in

heard the facts and rendered your decision in the case."

"Go ahead."

"About one and a half years ago my, or rather young client, who, as I before stated, is prominent in society, met the defendant at a ball. His prominence in his profession made him the ilon of the evening, and mutual attraction—call it fate or what you will—threw them together. That was the commencement—balls, opens, and theater parties, at which he was her constant and devoted attendant, followed.

"Then they were engaged. The night of their engagement, however, was the last she ever saw him. His calls ceased, and though she has seen him on the street, he refuses to recognize her."

"But what is the cause for his actions?"

recognize her."
"But what is the cause for his actions?"
"About two weeks after she received a note saying he could not wed a coquette. No reason was given for this cruel blow, and the poor cirl has simply pined away. She will not allow us to mention his name, nor does she know of my errand to you."

Jack's face was white as a sheet and his

she know of my errand to you."

Jack's face was white as a sheet, and his lips trembled as grasping his friend's arm like a vise, he stammered, "For God's sake, Albert, who is the man?"

"Yourself."

"But, man, explain yourself. Explain, if you can, the kiss I saw her give that man Hartwell in the parlor the night following our engagement as I was mounting the steps to call."

to call."

"He was a cousin, who was going on a trip to India. He begged for a kiss as a remembrance of her, and she gave it to him."

"Why did she not answer my note?"

"She was called away by illness, and the note did not reach her for two weeks; then all trace of you was lost."

"Albert, as you hope for eternal happiness, take me to her at once."

"There, there, old man, you are getting excited Remember, you are simply counsel for

sited Remember, you are simply "But you came to me for advice."
"And as her counsel, you advise—"
"Her immediate marriage with the de-G. CHESTER RICHARDSON.

Suggestion from the West. This docking representatives for absence is olly. The more some of them stay away the better the country is off.—Snohomish (Wash.) Tribune. Will one of the bright young men on the

Tribune please come to Congress and say that out loud? BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES. I'm standin' here a-thinkin' of the medder on An' you a-walkin' long o' me, jea' leanin' on my

An' how the pearls lay on the grass, in mornin sun and dew, While buttercups and daisles were a-smilin' up

seems like I almost hear the brook that ran thro sedges rank, i-whisperin' what you said that day while

standin' on its bank, Jes' when you slipped your hand in mine an answered me so true What the buttercups an' daisies heard, an', darlin', what I knew,

sems now as if that medder was a paradise to When I look back thro' waitin' years, an' tears of misery, An' see you standin' by my side, the sunlight in

your hair.

And buttercups and daisies jes' a-bloomin' ev'ry where. Oh! buttercups and daisies, you return with ev'ry Spring, But your tears an' smiles an' blossoms now can

never, never bring One who welcomed you with gladness, an' with almost childish glee, For you heard me say I loved her, an' she died

a-lovin' me.

looked up to and admired by his comrades, and is a prime favorite with them. The meal concluded, the plunder which has so easily fallen into the hands of the band is so easily fallen into the hands of the band is produced. The packages of bills are first given attention, surprise and delight beaming from every countenance as the money is counted. It is scarcely ten minutes before the work is finished, and Dangerfield announces, amid deathlike silence:

"Two packages containing each one-hundred-dollar bills, and two containing 100 fifties apiece—\$30,000—nearly \$8,000 each, besides the watch and chain and the western chap's effects:"

chap's effects!"

It would be difficult to relate with what feelings of surprise and satisfaction the men hear their leader's words, and with what ex-ciamations of exultation the amount named is

clamations of exultation the amount named is received by each.

"Now, men, listen to me," says Dangerfield, when the first noisy congratulations are over.

"We've made enough money to-day to enable us to live honest lives. Suppose we break up camp and turn respectable? I, for one, am tired of this sort of thing and want to get out of it. What say you all?"

No one speaks for a few moments; then Jake Hawkins slowly answers:

No one speaks for a few moments; then Jake Hawkins stowly answers:

"Well, cap'n, we'll think of it over night. Ye see, we're old hands, and it's hard to do what we know nothin about. You're different from the rest; you have friends back there in the East—a father and mother, perhaps, and came to us because you were sturved out and were ashamed to write to 'em. I saw the words of that preacher chap touched ye. I'm about right, I reekon?"

Dangerfield answers with a nod—speech seems impossible.

"All right—we won't hinder ye: leave us if ye wanter: but we can't promise anything in a hurry, can we, boys? Say no more just now, cap'n. Leave us to think about it; and you'd better think, too. Now who's for a game of cards?"

Dangerfield says nothing further; but he will neither play nor drink, and soon stretches

will neither play nor drink, and soon stretches himself at full length upon a blanket and sinks into a light, dream-hannted sleep. Some hours after he awakes with a start;

REVOLT OF DAUGHTERS.

distake to Refer in this Way to Certain

eview, points out that it is a mistake to speak of the revolt of the daughters in deeribing the new position taken up by English

volution, Mrs. Amos says.

Even "society" has more than accepted The nurse comes from every grade, is met in every hovel and every drawing-room, her freedom, her happy independence, her own and others sense of her value; her accepted knowledge of the darker sides of life—in all every hovel and every drawing-room, her freedom, her happy independence, her own and others' sense of her value; her accepted knowledge of the darker sides of life—in all of which respects sho is rivaled by that mighty host of sisters and deaconesses and "church workers" of all seets—have their instructive and incitive influence on the home daughters. If society wants them to be ignorant and uninterested, like the legendary English lady, it must arrange terms with the hospital, the sick room, the parish priest, the social reformer. Meanwhile, our girls will learn; will throw off their swad-ding clothes.

Mrs. Amos waxes quiet eloquent in praise of the girls' latchkey, the more girls there are who have latchkeys, she thinks, the better it will be for all concerned. Freedom brings responsibility, and responsibility brings prudence.

A great deal of the ill-health of our deli-

dence.

A great deal of the ill-health of our deli-cate girls arises from repression of their young energy. The boys, too, would be hys-terical if their youth were hedged in with so many conventional restraints, that here would be no room left for self-restraint, if everymany conventional restraints, that here would be no room left for self-restraint, if everything they wore, every word they spoke, every youthful grace and beauty, every intellectual endowment were habitually looked upon and openly spoken of as making them more salable articles. These things belong only to the ages of slavery, and I would once and for all protest that where there is a "market" marriage in its true sense cannot be said to exist. So far from resenting the evolution of the girl of the future, Mrs. Amos glorifles and defends their claim for freedom. She says: "Certainly the restrictions which produce the feeble-witted, earth-bound Dodo must give way to the freedom which will give the angels in our houses room to grow their six strong wings—two for personal dignity and beauty, two for spiritual elevation, and two with which to fly on serviceable errands for humanity."

for humanity."

This is a picture of the woman of the fu-ture as drawn by Mrs. Theodore Sutro, a well-known society leader of New York:

"She will not wear trousers. On the con-trary, her garments will be prottier, and she herself will be, if that is possible, more effemmate, more tender than she is now:

"Why? Because she will realize, by being all these, that her power will be increased in a corresponding ratio.

"Woman's rights are invariably associated in a man's mind with the loud-voiced woman without little personal vanities, the woman who is indifferent to her appearance, who wears big boots and would like to wear high hats and make other incursions on his ward-robe.

robe.
"There will be more marriages for love in her day than there are now, for the reason that natural selection will replace convenience. She will be qualified for work, and, not fearing it, will not marry for support.
"She will be ableto provide for herself, and when she marries it will be because she loves the man, because he is congenial and sympa-thetic to her and will not retard her mental and noral development. She will be fearless and frank, and will have the courage of her

CANINE TRICKS IN COURT.

Dog a Witness to Settle a Question of Disputed Ownership.

A suit for the possession of a black cocker spaniel, valued at \$250, was continued in the Sixth judicial district court yesterday, having een adjourned from last Friday, says the New York Herald. The plaintiff was Dr. Sumter Battey, of No. 154 West Thirtyourth street, and Mrs. Ida Streap, wife of John Streap, proprietor of the Wilton house, in West Twenty-seventh street, was the defendant. Dr. Battey identified the dog in court. He said that it had been given to him by George Cromwell, a son of Professor Cromwell, the lecturer, about two years ago. He missed the dog five months later, and one month age found it in the presession of Mrs.

month ago lound it. S. Michael Butler, a policeman, who was formerly employed at the Coleman house, where he was for a time the custodian of the dog, identified it as Dr. Battey's. He undertook to make the dog go through some tricks that he had taught it.

"He will come when I snap my finger," he

He snapped his finger and the dog ran away.

It was picked up and carried within the

rating, an unwilling withess.

Butler then tossed the dog a lump of sugar.

The dog took it and appeared to begin to take an interest in the proceedings. Counsel for the defendant also tossed a piece of sugar to the dog, and the animal impartially took it.

Butler tried to make the spaniel jump over his uplifted leg, but the dog yelped ran away, jumped over the stenographer's desk and made straight for Mrs. Streap. It was

dragged back, but the trick was abandoned.

Another trick—making the dog stand on his hind legs—was more successful. Mr. Butler looked proud of his alleged pupil's achievements, but the dog didn't seem to think it amounted to much. It was looking for more

Mrs. Streap claimed that she had had the dog in her possession three years and several witnesses testified to that effect, but when the case was adjourned until next Thursday the dog was left in Dr. Battey's custody.

Railway Signals. A trunk line of railway frequently has as many Part of the Central Argentine railroad is to be provided with the block system.

A forty-mile, single rail, storage battery ele-vated railway is to be built between Lake On-tario and Batavia, N. Y. The new block signal system contracted for by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western will in-lude all the drawbridges on the Morris and Essex division.

Essex division.

Among general passenger agents the understanding now is that there are to be no Niagara Falls excursions run this season, as they invariably lead to a rate war.

The announcement is officially made that the South Arrsey road, which is a new competitor out of Philadelphia for Jersey seaside business, will be completed to Atlantic City by June 1.

will be completed to Atlantic City by June 1.
Conductors on the Georgia Central now carry
surgeons' outfits with them for use in cases of
emergency. The chief surgeon in giving them
out instructed the conductors as to the use of
the various appliances by means of object

written, and biotted here and there. One giance at the chirography and the man recoils as if deatt a mortal blow, clutching desper-ately at the table before him. His face is deathly pale, his breath comes in labored gasps, and his eyes fill with tears as he reads the following:

gasps, and his eyes fill with tears as he reads
the following:

My Dear, Lost Son; I am told that I am about
to die, but I shall try to write a letter to you, in
the hope that it may some time be delivered
into your hands. Your sudden departure was a
severe blow. Your poor father survived it but a
few days, and I—I have waited for tidings of you
in vain. May you, my dear boy, never know the
torture I have endured during the past months.
Frank, how could you bring such trouble upon us
because a silly, frivolous girl proved false! We
have loved you all your life, she had but for an
hour? yet you broke our hearts for her sake.
My bow, I tremble for one who has shown himself so weak. How can you withstand temptation! But neither reproaches nor grief will
bring you to me, and I must try to be strong.

"I want to say this: All the property shall be
yours; I shall turn it into money and leave it in
the care of a distant relative who is about to be
ordained a minister of the gospel. I sent for
him and he is here. I have asked him to find
you if he has to search the whole broad country

Good Resolution of Blonde Lix

to do it, but by and by a big religious billow came along and swept "Blonde Liz" into Salvation Army prayer meeting. When the wave receded, bearing away her sins, she felt so strange and lonely that she alm wanted them back again. She wasn't herself. Pulling her sins up by the roots didn't agree with her at all. She missed the oldtime mirth, the smiles and compliments, the wines and suppers. In fact, she no sooner resolved to drop the old life and " 'bout face,' as one of the Salvation corporals advised, than she became sick and was whirled away to a hospital for a two months' continuous performance with typhoid fever for every turn. While getting well she would have horrible dreams, and seemed to feel rough hands griping her-felt liquored lips against her own, the breath of passion, mandlin promises, caresses which burned her soulblows, curses, darkness!

When at last she was discharged, well and fairly strong, the world was several shades brighter to her than it used to be. "The old life," suggested an acquaintance. "No,"

life," suggested an acquaintance, "No," said Elizabeth Neilson, the color mounting to her pale cheek. "I'll make a try for thing better, and if I don't make it go-

"Mrs. Anderson lives third floor, front, 'a' be careful y' don't fall over no washtube or coal barrels, 'enuse the hall's full of 'em," said the frowsy-headed tenant on the first floor to a stylishly dressed man who had asked for a Mrs. Anderson.

"Wonder will she greet me with that tender warmth se characteristic of her to these

"Wonder will she greet me with that tender warmth so characteristic of her in times past?" chuckled the bandsome atranger, as with a twirl at his mustache he knocked at the door of third floor, front.

"Ah! Mrs. Anderson, I greet you," said he, smillingly, as the door opened on a scantily furnished room.

"Oh! Mr. De Forest! I'm sure I'm glad to see you again," said Elizabeth Nellson, coloring.

ing.

"Yes, it's me, and I've come to take you away from here. Had a devee of a time finding you. Traced you to the hospital and then to the cheap restaurant, where, like a goddess of industry, you washed dishes. Then heard of your marriage to a Swede truck driver, and at last I've found you, and say, Liz," said he, coming nearer, "you're as beautiful as ever."

"Liz," he went on in a low tone, "I've got plenty of dust now, and you can wear a better

"Liz," he went on in a low tone. It we gover a plenty of dust now, and you can wear a better dress than that if you'll shake our mutual friend, Mr. Anderson, who, while he may be a gem of the purest water in getting a loaded truck through a Broadway jam, doesn't know enough to appreciate a woman like you. You won't have any pleasure in his society. He's enough to appreciate a woman like you. You won't have any pleasure in his society. He's rough and doil, while I'm—well, you know how pleasantly we were situated until I blew in all my velvet and lit out to repair my impoverished exchaquer. I didn't forget you, either, darling. See what I've brought you!" and taking her limp hand elegant Mr. De Forest forced a magnificent diamond ring on the third finger, and then fustomed a jeweled brooch defly over a bosom in which the fires of hell were reaching out long tongoes of flame toward a newly-founded eitadel of virtue and peace.

flame toward a newly-founded citadel of virtue and peace.

"And besides," said be, gently caressing
her hair an I classing her to his breast, "besides, old sweetheart, you know I'm the only
one who ever honestly cared for you. I let
other ladies—other ladies alone while I had
you, and now I've come back for you, and I
cannot take 'no' for an answer. You can
have an allowance of fire a week, and more,
too if that isn't enough and hold on—why. have an allowance of fifty a week, and more, too, if that isn't enough; and—hold on—why, curse you. Liz, what do you mean by striking an old friend like me? I'—
"I mean for you to take your hands off me and leave my house at one., Go! Thore are your jewels. Yes, I remember the old fimes, and you were kinder, perhaps, than the rest, but I know that at best I was only—only prey to you. Others will do as well. Go, I say, from my house! There is my marriage certificate and there my husband's picture. If you don't go I'll cail a polleeman."

certificate and there my husband's picture. If you don't go I'll call a policeman."

When Trückman August Anderson rose next moreing before daylight and lif the gas his wife was sleeping pencefully, and clasped against her bosom was their marriage certificate. Her yellow helr made a frame of gold for her beautiful for and next. Me looked

eate. Her yellow heir made a frame of gold for her beautiful face and neck. He looked at her and his honest heart beat with love and pride in the possession of a true-hearted wife. As he raked down the kitchen stove he said:

"Gettin' married to a good woman is the makin' of a man. I've led a good life since I got Ulianteth."

got Elizabeth,"
And "Blonde Liz," waking, kissed the paper in her hand and was also happy.
C. T. W. HACKENSACK, N. J., May 19 .- Sheriff Bogart said to-day that he would take no action at present regarding the serving of the execution in the matter of judgment against ex-Gov-

Brevity Is the Soul of Wit. The orchards of Great Britain cover 210,000

America raised 396,132,000 oushels of wheat Male attendants at English lunatic asylums receive \$100 a year. The "postage-stamp language" is much used y sentimental people.

Greek and Roman virgins prayed to For-tuna for a good husband. In the British navy the annual cost of maintaining a man is \$1,000.

Hollans is the land of flatness, windmills, Vintage in France was more abundant last A baid eagle carried off a bottle of hair re-

The first of the great English derby races was run Thursday, May 4, 1780. The shako, or soldier's hat, is almost a thing of the past in the French army.

Rev. C. M. Green, Methodist, has been appointed whisky gauger at Peoria. A big giacier has formed in the Rocky nountains, near St. Mary's river. Mont. The writing of "popular sones" is more profitable in this country than any other. Because a neighbor called him Breckin-ridge a Kansas man asks \$5,000 damages.— Baltimore Herald.

over and place the money in your hands. He has promised me and a great burden is lifted from my heart. My dear, my only son, I cannot see to write more. You will be allone in the world, but I commend you to the keeping of God. May be comfort and help you to be strong and do right. A kiss and good-by. Your devoted and heart-broken. Morrica. Morrica. With a face which seems to have studenly grown old, Dangerfield sits at the table, gasing fixedly at the letter. His mother dead—his kind, patient mother, whose only fault was her over-fondness for him! He could not believe it. Oh, to live the past over again. For an hour he sits there; then, with a look of sudden determination, he rises to his feet. "I must leave here at once!" he says. "It is not too late. I may yet redeem the past.

is not too late. I may yet redeem the past.
Mother, mother, your prayers shall be answered!"

He glances about him. His companions He glances about him. His companions are sleeping soundly, oblivious of what is transpiring. The sight seems to bring to his thoughts unother aspect of his misfortune.

"Thave shared my fortune with thom," he mutters, "given them thousands which right-righly were my own. Shall I acquaint them with my story, furnishing proof of its truth? No—the money may help them to lead homest lives, in spite of Jake's words. They have risked what I have risked, braved dampers as I have braved them. We have shared the spoils as we shared the dangers, equally. The money is theirs."

The envelope addressed to him has fallen from his nerveless grasp to the floor of rock beneath his feet. He gathers up the letter and other documents without further examination and hastily thrusts them into his pocket. Then, with an expression of unspeakable sadness upon his face, he casts a last lingering look about him, done his hat, and quins the cave.

The pure mountain air cools his aching head and seems to revive his drooping spirits, but his sten is as the step of an intoxicated man. With little difficulty he finds his horse, and in a moment he hus adjusted the saddle and bridle; then, in the gray light that heralds the break of day, he mounts the animal and turns his faceto the land of the rising sun,—Charles H. Coons in Waverly Magazine

his thoughts revert to the events of the day. He is unable to account for the strange, indescribable feeling which possesses him. What did the ciergyman's significant words and manner mean?

"The papers!" he exclaims, springing to his feet as a sudden thought occurs to him. "Why did I not think of them before?"

The candles have burned to their sockets and gone out, leaving their place in darkness. Dangerfield lights a fresh one and sets it on the table. Then he takes from his pocket the packet of paper found in the minister's satched, unties the ribbon which secures it, and brings to light several legaliooking documents and a small envelope securely scaled.

"Frank Dangerfield!" he faulters, reading the name written in bold characters upon the envelope. "Am I dreaming or have my senses forsaken me?"

He throws himself into a chair and hurriedly, but with trembling hands, breaks the seal and draws forth the contents of the package—two sheets of note paper closely written, and blotted here and there. One giance at the chirography and the man recoils as if dealt a mortal blow, clutching desper-